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La Follette's
Weekly Magazine

This publication is devoted to pub-
lic interests, upon broad and pro-
gressive lines. It will discuss Men
and Measures fearlessly, and publish
the records of public officials and
political parties impartially.

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and not to LaFollette's Weekly Mag-
azine. First issue January 9th, 1909.

Opera House

NOT UNTIL
Friday Feb. 26.

THOSE FUN EXPERTS
Wood and Ward
WITH
18 Helpers, Mostly Girls.

PRESENTING
"Two Merry Tramps."

That tutti frutti musical tom-fool-
ishness.
11th Edition all new and the best
ever.

HOLY GROANING.

The Sin of Worldly Pleasure in the
Seventeenth Century.

Buckle gives a graphic picture of the
attitude of the kirk of Scotland to
worldly pleasures during the seven-
teenth century. Cheerfulness, especial-
ly when it rose to laughter, was to be
guarded against. Smiling might occa-
sionally be allowed; still, being a car-
nal pastime, it was a sin to smile on
Sunday. No husband should kiss his
wife and no mother her child on the
Sabbath day. Jest was incompatible
with a holy and serious life. The
ministers were given much to weep-
ing, groaning and lamentations. One,
the Rev. Alexander Dunlop, was noted
for his "holy groan." To engage in the
frivolous art of writing poems was
condemned. Men should not disport
themselves with music; dancing was a
"serious sin;" joyousness even at a
christening was a scandal. One should
speak and walk with gravity and so-
lemnity; he should not enjoy his din-
ner; only the ungodly relished food.
The great object of life was to be in a
state of affliction. Whatever pleased
the senses was to be suspected. What-
ever was natural was wrong. The church-
men grew sour in countenance, harsh
in voice. Joy and love disappeared or
were forced to hide in obscure corners.

MAN MONEY.

The Old Teutonic Law on Killing or
Injuring Others.

The system of atoning for death or
bodily injuries inflicted on others by
paying damages is as old as the ear-
liest Teutonic laws, praised by Tacitus.
The trespasser was always required to
make peace with the aggrieved family
of the victim by "Wer-Geld."

"Wer" is the ancient German for
man. "Geld," now, as in the days of
Wotan, means money.

Damages were assessed in accord-
ance with the rank and wealth of the
injured party, and the money was
paid over in the presence of the whole
community, its acceptance forestalling
feuds. Indeed, the recognition of Wer-
Geld ("money for the man" killed) by
law precluded further bloodshed or
other forms of revenge.

If the slayer was not rich enough to
pay the required sum, he turned over
to the injured parties his sons as
slaves. If his sons were not sufficient
guarantee for the payment of the
debt, the slayer himself had to turn
bondsmen, both the letter and the
spirit of the law requiring that the
full amount of damage inflicted be
recovered by the aggrieved parties.—
New York World.

Fulfilling His Agreement.

Having become tired of living in re-
nted houses, Mr. Gwimple had bought
a home of his own. Not having
enough money to pay for it outright,
he had made a cash payment of \$1,000
and given a trust deed on the property
for the remainder. One night, not long
after he had taken possession of his
new home, Mrs. Gwimple roused him
from a deep sleep.

"Gerald," she said, "somebody is try-
ing to get into the house!"

Mr. Gwimple crawled out of bed and
started downstairs.

"What are you going to do?" she
asked him.

"I'm going to let him in," he an-
swered, half awake.

"To let him in? Who?"

"The man that holds the trust deed
on this property," he mumbled. "The
document I signed binds me to admit
him to the premises at any hour of the
day."—Youth's Companion.

Too Much For His Mind.

"My first impulses," wailed the sad
eyed individual, "are invariably good.
In fact, I think that I may venture
without fear of undue exaggeration to
say that they are very good. But I
never act on them. I always act on
second thoughts. This trait in my char-
acter has ruined my career, because
my second thoughts are always bad.
In fact, I think I may say without fear
of misrepresentation that they're
punk."

"Well," suggested he who was lis-
tening, "why don't you wait until
third thoughts and act on them?"

Mournfully, despondently, the sad
eyed individual shook his head.

"My dear sir," he groaned, "I never
had three successive thoughts about
anything in my life."—Exchange.

At His Own Risk.

Caller (on crutches and with a band-
age over one eye)—I have come, sir, to
make application for the amount due
on my accident insurance policy. I fell
down a long flight of stairs the other
evening and sustained damages that
will disable me for a month to come.

Manager of Company—Young man, I
have taken the trouble to investigate
your case, and I find you are not enti-
tled to anything. It could not be called
an accident. You certainly knew the
young lady's father was at home.

An Old Saw Strikes a Nail.

Mr. Scraggington (musingly)—As
Lincoln said, a man may fool some of
the people all the time and all the peo-
ple some of the time—Mrs. Scragg-
ington (briskly)—But you can't fool
me any of the time!—Puck.

Didn't Take the Bait.

Miss Anciente (insinuatingly)—I dis-
like my name; it's horrid. Mr. Fly
(absently)—I fear it's too late to change
it now.

Thick silence.—Pittsburg Press.

Pretty Unpopular.

Wigg-Bones doesn't seem to be
very popular. Wagg—I should say not.
Why, that fellow is so unpopular he
couldn't even get a job as a bill col-
lector.—Philadelphia Record.

Home
Treat-
ment

J-20

You naturally would prefer to treat yourself at home, for any form of female
trouble, wouldn't you? Well, it can be done. No reason why you should not
be able to relieve or cure your suffering, as thousands of other women have
done, by proper use of the Cardui Home Treatment. Begin by taking

Wine of Cardui

the well-known female tonic. For sale at all drug stores.

Joe Moorhead, of Archibald, I. T., writes: "My wife had suffered for years from female trouble. On
your advice, I gave her the Cardui Home Treatment, and now she hardly suffers at all." Sold by druggists.

WRITE US A LETTER

Write today for a free copy of valuable 64-page illustrated Book for Women. If you need Medical
Advice, describe your symptoms, stating age, and reply will be sent in plain sealed envelope.
Address: Ladies Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

EWING KING OF THE BLACK PATCH

A Tennessee Planter Who Formed the Dark Tobacco Association

One of the most fascinating and
thrilling fact-stories that has appear-
ed in public print since the guerilla
days of the Civil War is that found
in Hampton's Magazine for March.

It is entitled "Nightriding in the
Black Patch," and is written by
Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., a well-known
and trustworthy author. Here is a
portion of Mr. Lyle's story of what
he found out during a recent visit
to the Black Patch.

Close to the Tennessee line, near
Guthrie, Kentucky, there lives a
planter, Felix G. Ewing. He was
popular, in a way, with his neigh-
bors. At Glenraven, his beautiful
home, he threw open the doors now
and then in a baronial manner, and
the man in jeans came and was
flattered. He understood the woes
of the man in jeans.

In Ewing's brain there burst into
flame an idea superb, colossal, of a
daring and design worthy of a geni-
us. That was in 1904. The growers
of tobacco should do their own sell-
ing—through him. A ware-house
monopoly, to prize, to sample, to sell
—and to tax in commissions—the
bulk of that monumental crop of one
hundred and twenty million pounds,
year after year!

He must find a name potent with
the promise of mutual co-operation,
a name to make him one with the
thousands of growers one with him.

All for one, and one for all, then
would cast their lots, and their to-
bacco, into one gigantic pool.

The growers would believe—and
he made many of them believe it
later, by matter-of-fact, business-
like, convincing argument—that no
matter how much tobacco they grew
or now much was grown elsewhere,
they need only corner a good portion
of the crop to shoot prices skyward.
The new idea spread, and had

every semblance of fairness. It
was fair at first. The farmers, tak-
ing eager hold in their despair, were
possessed with the notion that it was
their idea.

They assembled by hundreds at
Guthrie on September 24, 1904, and
crystallized the idea into an organ-
ization. They called it the Dark To-
bacco District Planters' Protective
Association of Kentucky and Tennes-
see. It was really a co-operative
association, according to its charter,
given under the laws of Kentucky.

The Board of Directors was elected
by the farmers themselves. Each
magisterial district of each county
in an annual election, was to name
a Director. The Directors in each
county were to elect a Chairman,
who was to be a member of the Ex-
ecutive Committee. No member of
the Association was to receive a
salary. There were to be one thou-
sand and shares, of the value of \$1 each.
With which to control an annual
product worth six or eight million
dollars.

Here was really a farmers' associa-
tion. Felix G. Ewing was made its
General Manager. Charles H. Fort,
Ewing's neighbor, a man of impos-
ing presence, was made President.

Of the supplanting of this co-op-
erative Association by a private ware-
house concern chartered under a
similar name, I shall write in another
article. It need only be stated here
that by "Association" is meant first
the co-operative society during its
existence, and thereafter the private
concern that succeeded it.

For the undiscerning farmer the
the two Associations have been one
and the same thing. The organiza-
tion was first and last "His Associa-
tion." As a matter of fact, it is
nobody's Association but Ewing's.
He is still General Manager.

The original Association began its
career with the 1904 tobacco.

Ewing and his associates claimed
that seventy per cent of the crop
was pledged to them. Later it was
shown that they handled about one-
third of the crop.

The scale of prices began to advance
in 1904. It is an economic problem
as to whether the Association or a
reduced acreage—or both—was re-
sponsible for the increase. Independ-
ent farmers, those who had not joined
Ewing's movement, received the
advantage of the same advanced
prices obtained by Association mem-
bers. The independent growers
were disposed to skepticism. They
said that Association "prizing" was
costly, and Association charges were
higher.

Several warehousemen who had
financed the Association for hun-
dreds of thousands of dollars
thought themselves ruined, though
they pulled out with a narrow
margin. Independent warehouses
were competing. Independent farm-
ers holding aloof made the corner
ineffective.

In the spring of 1905 General Man-
ager Ewing faced a big, grave, ab-
sorbing question: "How shall I in-
duce the independents to bring me
tobacco?"

That question was answered,
whether by Ewing or not, with blood-
shed and with the torch.

HOLLAND'S
OPERA HOUSE

ONE JOLLY NIGHT

TUESDAY, FEB. 23.

HARRY HASTINGS

Black Crook, Jr.,

BURLESQUERS

The Show that Made Burlesque
FamousFAMOUS FUNNY MEN AND
A STUNNING CHORUS

5 Vaudeville Acts 5

DON'T MISS IT

The One Best Bet of the Season

PRICES: 25, 35, 50, 75.

Notice.

The firm of J. R. Hawkins & Co.,
composed of J. R. Hawkins, Ned
Turner and Jas. L. Turner, and con-
ducting a retail grocery business at
224 Ninth street in Hopkinsville,
Ky., has this day been dissolved by
mutual consent, Jas. L. Turner, re-
tiring. The business will be con-
ducted under the same name and
style by J. R. Hawkins and Ned
Turner, who assume all liabilities of
said firm and to whom all outstand-
ing accounts are payable.

J. R. HAWKINS.
NED TURNER.
JAS. L. TURNER.

Feb. 17, 1909.

The undersigned remaining part-
ners return thanks for past favors
and solicit a continuance of the gen-
erous patronage they have hereto-
fore received. The retiring partner,
Jas. L. Turner, has opened a cafe on
Virginia street, opposite Hotel La-
tham, and solicits the patronage of
his friends.

J. R. HAWKINS & CO.
JAS. L. TURNER.

Skyscrapers.
Modern skyscrapers are compressed
cities shot up perpendicular to the
earth, and honeycombed by hurrying
humanity which humming little ele-
vator railroads dump in and out of
them.—Sunday Magazine.

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FREE! FREE!

A Balloon with each bottle of DR.
DRAKE'S CRAMP CURE sold at
our store this week.

We Also Redeem
Your Coupons

Anderson-Fowler
Drug Co.
Incorporated.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 7, 1909.

To Our Policy Holders and Stockholders:

The statement of the Citizens Life Insurance Co., to
be published shortly, will be the strongest statement of
success and financial strength ever made by the company.

Sincerely Yours,

W. H. GREGORY, President.

CITIZENS LIFE INSURANCE CO.

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